

An an-

swer at large, to
a most hereticall,

trayterous, and Papisti-
call Wyll, in English
verse, which was
cast abroad in
the streets
of

Northampton, and brought
before the Judges at the
last Assizes there.

And

1570.



Imprinted at

London by John
Awdelyc.

666 in Type. And: v: 6: p: 500. No description of the book.

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**An aunswere at large to a
most heretical, trayterous,
and papisticall Byll, written
in English verse.**

The papisticall verse.

How now my Masters married Priestes,
how lyke you of these newes?
you must forsake your wicked synes,
your wyues must to the strowes.

The Christian aunswere.

Such thoughtes, such wordes, such men, such
such faith, such frutes appeare: (needes
Such mind, such meade, such harts, such frates
as Papistes shew you heare.
The filthy image of their mindes,
their poisoned tonges bewray:
As Gospell getteth good successe,
and Doperie doth decay.
Still spung out the spirit of spite,
whose loue Gods lawes defies:
Which hate the thing that God doth loue,
and what God doth despise,
That they maintaine against his word,
by Canons of the Pope:
For whose behaue some haue of late,
bene sensed in a rope.
Because Gods word hath cast a downe,
their Priestes of Romish Wall;

A y.

With

An aunswer to

With whom the vice of whoredome is
esteemd no vice at all.

But Mariage (which God hath made
for man to live well in :

Which also he hath sanctified)
they do condemne as sin.

They spit out spitefull rage at this,
as all men now may see :

For that that Christ doth make hys Church,
from popish bondage free,

His Ministers and Preachers true,
have libertie no lesse :

Then other men to take them wiues,
as Paule doth well expresse.

But they of Ministers make scoyne,
resembling Aarons byood :

Though Christ became the final Priest
by shedding of his blood.

And brought that office to an end,
appointing others iust :

To serue him in his ministrie,
such as his Church might trust.

Not Balams byood of Iudas sect,
not Romish Chaulinges sure :

Which onto vile Sodomitrie,
do all men so allure.

Whose Gotish church is common Steves,
of Fornication vile :

a papisticall Bill.

In which who takes Gods lawes to kepe,
can tarie but a while.

But Drinkers of Whiskies,
no Sacrifice to giue:

But such as seeke by Gods true helles
most holylie to liue.

Not like to Whiskies, but like to men,
so mortified by grace:

That Romish boarish lecherie,
in them can take no place.

Which haue eche one his married wife,
with bed most indissolued:

As Paule doth teach, to euery man,
which whoredome hath eriled.

And therefore Popish Sicophant,
that newes dost spread apace:

That Christian men must vertue leane
and honestie deface.

All men do see your beastly lynes,
which you were best forsake:

Least that your porcion be full soze,
amongst the fire lake.

You that like double Traitors gaspe
for time of your returne:

And gaspe for breath, & hope for change
that you the truth might spurne.

How like you this, your lunavery is
in every cost espyde:

A iij,

you

An aunſwer to

Pou romiſh Priſtes which haue no wyues,
all Chriſtians you detide.

And theſe be newes for you, take hede,
leauē of, repent, amend :

God hath diſcloſed your villanie,
and haſtened hath your end.

How muſt you leaue the Romiſh newes,
and eke your God the Pope :

Or els prepare your ſelues to wyne,
a gybbet with a rope

How take you wyues, leaue romiſh newes,
and learne to lye well.

For why adulterous whozemongers,
for aye ſhall hang in hell,

The papifticall verſe,

2 What neede our women now take care,
what liſe they go or leade :

Siſth euery preaching knaue muſt haue
a whooze in houſe to treade :

The Chriſtian aunſwer.

Such hart ſtill ſe, ſuch ſtudy bent,
ſuch ſtudy, ſuch deuſe :

Such thought, ſuch mocion of the mind
ſuch queſtion doth ariſe.

All Papiftes ſhame at this demaund,
which haue the ſparke of grace :

To heare ſuch hainous wordes blowne out,
from

a papisticall Byll.

from such a shameles face.

When euer was there lesse regard
of chaste lyfe, then was then:

When Dispensattes made the Priestes
lyue moze like beastes, then men:

When euery Priest had not his wyfe,
but many Priestes ten whores:

When priestly lecherie did defile
their honest neighbours dwres.

When neither mayd nor married wyfe
in honest life could stand:

If whorne shaueling might deuise,
to haue them vnder hand.

When one Priest had two dosen of whores,
to vse them at his wyll:

And scotfree scapt in Boners dayes,
and kept his luyng styll.

Then where was care: oh where was grace:
surely they were exiled:

And that made many a virgin then,
by Priestes to be defiled.

Remember well this old proverbe,
of Shauelings great abuses:

That Priestes & Dones wher euer they come
make very filthy houses.

But beastly man what words be these:
what monstrous hart or minde:

To cast out such inhumaine speache,

so far

An answer to

so far beyond all kinde.

Are Preachers now with you but knauest
fye Papistes, blissh at this:

The Preacher is the Crimpe of God,
this sure is spoke anis.

A lying knaue, a bauling knaue,
a romish knaue moze syt:

But sure thys Epithite thou adst
without reason as wyf.

Fo; Epithites we adde to thew
the nature, force, and kinde:

Of men, of things, and wordes as we
in Rethorick rules do finde.

But contraries fo; Epithites,
wyse men do neuer place:

Epithetons of lyke must be,
to thew of wordes the grace.

Preaching a word of Paieitie,
and knaue, do disagree:

Although a knaue hath isynd them thus,
from wyf and learning fræ.

A sleaundersous knaue, a folish knaue,
a foule malicious knaue:

These Epithites may sound moze syt,
fo; him that thus doth rage.

Which doth enuy Gods preached word
a dynde erroneous esse:

Which hath with that vile boze of Rome,
no donf

a papisticall Byll.

no dout bewitch him selfe.

Which flattering whoore that Serpentine,
full often hath bene trode:

Whose fruites & brood throughout the world,
are now disperst abroad.

Marke these newes then, ye popish brood,
feare God, repent I say:

Dread Christ, and leaue your trade in tyme,
least halter be your pay.

The papisticall verse.

3 Here is not now a strumpet whoore,
in all the land to haue:

They are so sodainly snatched vp,
With some Geneva name.

The Christian answer.

The lying tounge doth flay the soule,
sayth Salomon the wyse:

Shall Papists then escape trow you,
which all delight in lyes:

There is not now a strumpet whoore,
(saith he) in all the land:

Which selle reproch from whence it comes,
all men may vnderstand.

O' proposition false, procures
conclusion most vile:

Which Papists sciaunders would maintaine,
but Papist stay a while.

W. J.

Lo

An aunſwer to

To many whores are yet to finde,
if Gods will were not so:
Although when Poperie raignd, there were
ten times as many mo.
It is no shame that whores decrease,
but shame it is to see:
All Papists haue such whores hartes,
as now appeares in thee.
When Pope bare rule, whores were many,
then whores did much augment: (saynd
But now I trust that Christ beares rule,
all whores will sone be spent.
Though Papistes more delight in whores,
lyke knaues more bestiall:
Then in the married Patrons lyfe,
which vertue passeth all.
And though the Pope, and Romish filthes,
in Rome haue open Stewes:
If in Geneva Pope should dwell,
he should heare other newes:
His gotish hart would right sone ake,
there whoredome so; to vse:
Their heads there from their shoulders leape
which so them selues abuse.
But Pope receanes the golden rent,
of whoredomes filthy sin:
To decke his crowne, for whores do bring
him mickle treasure in.

Genevian

a papisticall Byll.

Genevian men that there haue scene,
true discipline take place:

Hold Rome sinke of Sodomitrie,
and Papists pass all grace.

They seeke no whorze, though Romaines do,
it is their common trade,

As may appeare by such a knaue,
as this complaynt hath made.

For sure a merry day it was,
when whorzes in euery stræte:

The Papists might obtaine to haue,
an act abiudged meete.

But since Geneva gaue vs light,
whorzes Priests & whorzes are fled

And so to yll Papists soone I hope,
when gallowes hath them sped.

The papisticall verse.

4 Maister wyborne, alias tiburne tyke,
here dwelleth in this towne:
which sought by all the means he could,
the Easter to plucke downe.

5 But I of hyin dare well pronounce,
and tyme the truth shall try:
That he shall trust vnto his heeles,
or els in Smithfield fry.

6 Not he, but thousandes of his sect,
must to Geneva seeke:

The wretcheding of the Gospel wrong,

B. ij.

principles

An aunſwer to

menayles them not a lecke.

The Chriſtian aunſwer.

Theſe be the fruites of Papifts blynde,
loe here the hartes of thoſe:

Whoeſe traitrous ſlaundring tonges do ſweare
they are preſent Gods foes.

Of Hereticks ſeede, which loueth lyes
and ſclaunders to blaſe out:

Againſt the truth, and Church of God,
I put you out of doubt.

Whoeſe eyes do weere, and teeth do gnaw:
at ſincere Preachers true:

Be cauſe they ſee what good ſucceſſe,
tooth after them enſue.

This Paſſer VVyborne well is knowne,
thou Papift to thy ſhame:

(And all the rable of thy rout,)
that ſeeketh him to defame,

To be a man of learning graue,
of iudgement ſound and right:

A married Miniſter he is,
of lying moſt vp-right.

A worthy Paſtor of Gods flocke,
a zealous teacher knowne:

Which hath in dede by ſtudious payne
much popery ouerthrowne.

A modeſt man and curteous,
of gentle ſpyte, and milde:

Whoe

a papistcall Byll.

Who seeks the hurt I dare wel vouch
of neither man noꝝ child.

So sclaunderer is he no dout,
but one that meaneth good:

Praif it were to such as hee
might know to seeke his blood.

A reuerend man foꝝ knowledge sake,
thou dost thy wit abuse:

With such a name hym to reproch,
and so him to misuse.

But what is sclaunder thine, thou sole,
thou trayterous tiburne tike?

The gallowes grones foꝝ thee no dout,
the rope will bzeake thy necke.

Foꝝ where thou saiest he sought to pull
the Caster downe to ground:

His doctrine tended your abuse
of Caster to confound.

Which feast no dout you much polute,
but he sought to erect,

The simple sincere truth of Christ,
which you do all reiect.

Like Romish Rebels, hoppyng still,
the darkning of thys day:

But first I trust all popish knaues
shall be the gallowes pray.

And where thou sayest thou darst pꝛenounce,
that time the truth shall trye:

W.ay.

What

An aunſwer to

That VVyborne muſt truſt to his heeles,
or els in Smithfielde fry.
This happy time hath tryed in deede,
out truth to your decay:
And to the ruine of your rout,
which hope but for a day.
Your ſacke of lies is ranſackt now,
your ware appeareth drowne:
You leane vpon a broken ſtaffe,
Gods truth bringes you to loſſe.
And time hath lent by Gods good grace,
ſuch comfort for the nonce:
That all Gods Preachers ſhall not neede,
abrode to lay their bones.
Their ſafegarde ſure in England is,
they neede not feare the fier:
Although the Papiftes do begin
to hang a litle hyer.
God hath reucaled your counſels, ſoles,
God hath layd open now
Your traitorous hearts, which vnto God
and Quene will neuer bow.
Daſt thou pronounce thou traitor bold
that VVyborne hence muſt flee?
Is neither godly feare at all,
nor Subiectes loue in thee?
What ſhould him moue to ſtep one ſote?
your hope is ſurely ſpyld:

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a papisticall Bill.

God hath bin selfe your poysonous pride
in open battayle foyle.

Shall Smithfield be your shambles yet
Gods Sayntes to kyll and slay?

Stay Papist, packe vp Holburne hill,
for you the fitter way.

Shal VVyborne trust vnto his heeles?
No, VVyborne trust in God:

And Carts shall trusse vp these in time
to Tyburne loade by loade.

Shal thousands packe for feare of you,
thou Trayfour, darst thou say:

When thou & thine hast well obtaynd
old Saturnes second day?

There is no cause, God haue the prayse
but thousandes of his sect:

Of other landes that worship Christ
may here them selues protect.

And boldnes moze encreaseth still,
through Gods almighty grace:

When traitrous Papists dare not once
to shew their double face.

for euery one that thou dost mete,
thou thyngst wyll thee betray:

Thy witte be breech, thy bzaynes all buld:
thy hart hath neuer stay.

If wo, I should say, that God for synne,
and for our negligence:

Should

An aunſwer to

Should plague vs ſo to geue you power,
and vs to diuie from hence:
God hath that happy Citie made,
Geneua of great fame,
For his poore peoples ſafe defence,
to ſhroud them in the ſame.
But when your Hope ſhall downe be caſt
and hence now you muſt flee:
Like vacabondes or Foxes whelpes
you know not where to bee.
Your ſtay is gone, a Papiſt, ſye,
all men do you deteſt:
He ſtapes not here, ſaith every man,
ſo you ſhall haue no reſt.
And this is true, the time is come,
He tel you truer newes:
Al Papiſts which haue traitrous harts
and do their Prince reſuſe,
Muſt now relent, and turne forthwith,
and true become God knowes:
Or els prepare to geue their ſelſh,
at once to ſaue the Crowes.
Or els if that their hartes wyll not,
be true to Princely ſtate:
Get hence to Alba, there lye ſafe
as Story dyd of late.
And if you get in hys ſure court,
God cannot ſynde you there:

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a papisticall Byll.

Dalba shall keepe Story in store,
his Quene he needes not feare.
Your wretched long of Gods true word
can nothing you preuaile:
Haue done I say, dispatch therfore,
plucke downe your Decocks tayle.
Downe on your knees you Asses stout,
pray God and Quene for grace:
You can no longer now preuaile,
your practise takes no place.
It botes you not to Pius now
for mercy for to seeke:
for you be traytors proude at home,
his Bul is not worth a leeke.
Therefore as thousands traitours are,
by thousands all agree:
To turne to God, or els make hast,
to scale the gallows tre.

The papisticall verse.

7 The Devil when he would Christ tempt
in Scripture seemed wyle:
And for him they do Scripture take,
to mayntayne all their lyes.
8 Therefore be packyng prating knaves,
your rayling is to playne:
Commit your Bastards to the bag,
and hve you hence agayne.

The Christian answer,

C. j.

Goliath

An answer to

Goliath brought a sword to field,
which cut his throte in fine:
And wherewith all maist thou be beate,
but with this rod of thine?
The Deuil when he tempted Christ,
in Scripture samed wyse:
And therefore thou and Papists all,
do Scripture cleane despyse.
An argument right strong no doubt,
Christ was aduogd to dye:
For iudgement therefore must be vsde,
eye, eye, blinde Papists, eye.
Because the Deuil falsified
the Scripture at his wyll:
The Papist: will no Scripture haue,
it doth their market spell.
But now in earnest we of you,
the truth is tryed of this:
Who haue the Scriptures most abuse
and taken them amys.
You like to Sathan prone I may,
chuse out what serues your turne:
And all the rest that you confoundes,
you do condemne and burne.
We for truthe sake true Scripture vse
you wrest with staring eyes:
All our to-moule for IESVS CHRIST,
but yours for popish lyes.

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a papistcall Byll.

Therefore to you I say packe hence,
your glossing will not stand:
So practise now your poperie
out of our Christian land.
Your whispering, your priuie pates,
lyke vnauncs where as you lye:
Pecuniailes no more in Christian cares,
it is not worth a flye.
Your fained fables false are found,
your tales of little John:
Your pagents playd of Robin Hood,
are knowne to euery one.
And wher thou hidst them to commit,
their Bastards to the bag:
All men do see how on your part,
the world now doth wag.
God be the iudge twixt time and time,
when Bastards hye did sit;
Your Popes owne Bastards, for whom sure
the gallowes was more fit.
Bastards of Bishops, ye Cardinals blood,
Priests Bastards euery where:
The Votaries compilde by Bale,
can tell you then and there.
Comit remembrance to your harts,
you Papists yet in time:
And hye you from your Romish waies,
yet do forsaake your crime.

C. y.

Bin

An aunfwer to

Bid Basans Buls, and Bastards theirs
bye hence and get the bag:
Their pompe decays; & on their partes
the wo;ld will not wag.
Bid Pope come dooone that sits so bye
aboue all Princes thrones:
And let his hands to hold the plough,
these newes are for the nonce.
And if his traiterous idle bones,
will not so fadge to worke:
Let him go get into the field,
and sue to serue the Turke.
If that him not will satisfie,
now that he is dooone cast:
Let him go learne to clout old shoes,
and that in all the haff.
For his reuenewes will bee spent,
to begging he must frudge:
Or els go learne to be hangde,
full like the Devils dudge.

The papisticall verse.

9 And where I told you of your wyues,
take you for them no care:
Shift for your selues, and trudge with speede
least halter be your share.

The Christian answer.

Like matter, like conclusion,

a month

a papisticall Byll.

a monishing he genes :

Who warning lesse leades all his life,
as he at randon lynes.

I might no lesse geue warning to,
to you of Baalams soyt,

Which do belye Gods litle flocke
to make your selues a spozt.

That you would haue some more regard,
both for you and your wyues :

Which lyue now most laciuiously,
and lead most wicked lyues.

And some which most vnwisely leaue,
their Childzen, wyues and all :

And run like traytours from the land,
to serue the Romish Ball.

But of your wyues I do not speake,
your lyues I touch in dede :

Whom I do wish in IESVS CHRIST
repentant faith wyth speede.

O; els to shift and leaue this soyle,
it is no place for such :

As do at Chyfters Gospell kicke,
and at Gods truth so grutch.

Your tyme is come, I warne you now,
most friendly to beware :

Least that you finde it come to passe,
when halter is your share.

And when we se your daies p;euayle,

C.ij.

as here

An aunſwer to

as here tofore it was :

Which day ſhall be euen ſhortly noie,
Poſt calendas græcas.

That Papiſts rule, and popery raignes
and truth is layd in duſt :

Then woele begin ſtill come the time,
your warning for to truſt .

And leaue our wines at your curſty,
and ſhift our ſelues to ſaue :

But till that day , I leaue thee ſtill,
a very traitrous knaue.

¶ And God preſerue our noble Quene
Elizabeth ech houre :

That ſhe by ſwaine ſharpe ſwozd may quite
cut downe the Papiſtes power.

And GOD enlarge her noble raigne
lyke heauens daies to haue :

That all the Papiſts hope by her,
cleane ſpoiled we may ſee.

That Gods true woꝝd ſhe may defend,
and all her foes deſace :

Which ennies be to Chriſtes truth,
and traitours to her Grace.

AMEN.

The Papiſt.

FINIS. ꝑ Non eſt inuentus.

The anſwer,

Non

a papisticall Bill.

Non est inuentus made this
sclaunder so bolde,

But Est inuentus tooke in
hand it to vnfold.

Veritas non quærit angulos,
Shew thy face:

Non audeo dixit, For my
deedes deserue no grace.

Tunc desine, Thou Foole,
leau of thy works, dispatch

Aut prode mendax That
straight the gallowes may
thee catch.

FINIS .Tho. Knell Iu.

